

# Two of Sixteen Teams Are Distanced a Lap in Early Stage of Long Garden Grind

## McNamara and Madden Shape Up Well for the Final Effort

Alfred Goulet Does Not Yet Appear to Be Riding Up to His Top Form, but Brocco's Partner Is Expected to Come to Fore for Last Heavy Plugging

By Fred Hawthorne

The original field of sixteen teams was still pedaling away on the ten-lap track at Madison Square Garden last night as the end of the twenty-first hour was signaled from the judges' stand in the annual six-day bike race. Two of these combinations, Lawrence Gaffney and Tom Bello and Louis Billard and Jean Alavoine, were one lap behind the leaders in distance covered, while Peter Van Kempen and Charles De Ruyter, the Holland-Belgium team, led the field in the total number of points scored with 42.

The series of ten official night sprints for points was scheduled to begin at 9:30 o'clock and probably a majority of the seasoned riders would have been glad to save their strength for these gruelling tests of speed, but the new men in the race were apparently determined to make life miserable for the favorites. A dozen times between 8 o'clock and 9:30 Billard, Alavoine, Bello or Giradino started "jams" that had the field strung out all around the saucer with riders being hustled from their bunks as the pace grew warm.

Teams Still Strong  
It is still too early to hazard any accurate predictions as to the riders who are going to carry the prize money prizes next Saturday night. It is not until about Wednesday night that the strain begins to tell of strength and speed, and it is then that the weaker teams usually drop out. This year there are several new comers in the race and they have not been sufficiently tested in the first twenty-four hours of the grind to bring out any weakness.

Alf Goulet, in my opinion, is not yet at the top of his riding form, but is gradually working himself into shape. This greater rider, who is teamed with little Brocco and not figured prominently in the point sprints in the early stages of the grind, but by to-morrow night or Thursday I expect to see him coming to the fore.

Reggie McNamara and Eddie Madden form a team that is certain to be battling for first place on Saturday night, always barring accidents, of course. McNamara, carrying a sprint longer than any other rider in the race, is teamed with a great plugger, while Madden is one of the quickest men on the track at jumping into high speed. De Ruyter and Van Kempen, a really formidable pair and were full of riding last night.

Clarke a Bit Shy  
Little Jackie Clarke, who has not appeared in these events for seven years, is, like Goulet, a bit shy of work yet, but he looks better every hour he wins a sprint longer than his teammate, must be considered among the real contenders.

Walter Rutt, who is teamed with Willie Goulet, is a sprinter and he is used to be, and while Coburn is probably as capable as almost any other man in the grind, I do not look to see this team finish better than fourth. Goulet and Rutt, who are teamed with the Italians, have shown plenty of speed so far, and they may surprise some of us before the week is out.

Among the younger men Gus Lang and Dave Latta and Harry Kaiser and Tommy Smith appear the most promising. Youth is always a dangerous thing in these races.

Madden Wins First Sprint  
Eddie Madden won the first two-mile sprint, which was the last of the lap and out, by a comfortable margin. He was third and Tom Bello fourth. Madden showed a world of speed in this sprint.

In the second sprint Reggie McNamara came home in front with Hanley on his rear wheel, followed by Brocco and Weber. At the finish of this sprint Brocco started a terrific "jam." The little Italian gained some thirty yards before Goulet came out on the relief making a desperate dash for the lead. It was only when the dashing McNamara returned to the track that Goulet was caught.

Goulet took the third sprint, after a furious duel all the way through the final lap with Rutt, who made a desperate challenge. Alf was better than the burly German, however, and showed his wheel ahead going around the last turn. He finished a wheel length to the good. Bello was third and Thomas fourth.

The fourth sprint was won by McNamara, who had to fight every inch of the last 100 yards to beat Alf Van Kempen's great rush. McNamara won by a lummung bird's eyelash. Coburn was third and Kaiser fourth.

Belloni Beats Out Rutt  
In the fifth grapple for the points Belloni surprised all hands by beating out Rutt in a desperate finish. The latter finished half a length behind, with Giradino third and Buysse fourth.

The sixth dash was taken by Jules Van Hevel, after a bitter fight down the home stretch with Van Kempen. McNamara had to be satisfied with third place, and Coburn was fourth. The seventh sprint went to Dave Latta, who beat out Deruyter by half a length, with Osteritter and Madden following in that order.

The men finished in the following order in the eighth sprint: Van Hevel, McNamara, Coburn and Van Kempen. McNamara tried to pass around Van Hevel on the last turn, but the latter had just enough speed to beat the Australian out. McNamara and Madden were steadily piling up the points.

The ninth dash was won by Goulet, who came from third place rounding the last turn, challenging Madden and Alf Deruyter. It was a wonderful battle all the way down the straight with these three, Alf coming in ahead by six inches. Deruyter was second, Bello and Madden fourth.

In the final sprint of the night Van Hevel again scored over McNamara, but a pretty close duel down the backstretch. Coburn was third and Lawrence fourth. This left the total points earned up to midnight last night as follows:

Van Kempen and Deruyter, 50; McNamara and Madden, 58; Van Hevel and Buysse, 47; Rutt and Coburn, 41; Piani and Belloni, 35; Goulet and Brocco, 32; Verri and Giradino, 22; Weber and Osteritter, 16; Steffani and Peyrode, 14; Kaiser and Smith, 13; Hanley and Drobach, 11; Thomas and Lawrence, 9.

McNamara and Madden won the special prize offered by the management for the winners of the greatest number of points won during the night sprints. The field in this year's race is keeping closer to the record set up by Drobach and Iver Lawson in 1914 than any field in the last four or five years has succeeded in doing, but even so, the leaders were almost three laps behind the best record at the distance at the end of the twenty-first hour, at 4 o'clock yesterday evening.

There were no changes in the relative standing of the original sixteen teams, so far as distance covered was concerned, since the early morning point sprints, beginning at 2:30 o'clock. It was during these terrific speed duels, that the teams of Bello and Goulet and Billard and Alavoine were lapped once by the leaders.

There was not much to arouse the

## Tippety Witchet Wins Fairfield

## Wins Fairfield At New Orleans

## Baur's Six-Year-Old Takes Sprint Feature From Rapid Day and Knot Grass

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 5.—L. T. Baur's Tippety Witchet romped home a winner in the Fairfield Handicap, a five and a half furlong sprint for all ages, which featured the card at Jefferson Park this afternoon. The six-year-old brown gelding, although unaccustomed to the shorter distance, appeared perfectly at home and easily defeated Rapid Day and Knot Grass in the order named.

It was because the Bauer meal ticket had not been sent over the sprint route in a long while that the public made Rapid Day a 6 to 5 favorite, but the latter was completely outclassed in the heavy going and was timed in 1:09 2-5. Tippety Witchet was loyally backed by the Bauer connections and paid 2 1/2 to 1.

The bookies are playing them close, and those few favorites that fall cause no serious reduction of the bankroll, but three outsiders squeezed through at fairly comfortable prices. They were Kate Brummel, at 6 to 1, which won the opener; Ace of Aces, at 4 to 1 shot, which upset the dope in the third, and Courtis, another 6 to 1 proposition, which came to life in the sixth race.

First race (for three-year-olds; maidens; claiming; purse, \$700; six furlongs)—Kate Brummel, 104 (Colletti), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Ace of Aces, 108 (Bauer), 4 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, second; Forest Queen, 104 (Lang), 8 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:18 2-5. But, Buysse, 104 (Lang), 8 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, fourth. Rea Lee, Hot Spur, Paul Micou, Dumbfounder and Piuselle also ran.

Second race (for all ages; allowance; purse, \$700; six furlongs)—Rob, 100 (Weiner), 3 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Courtis, 100 (Wilson), 9 to 2, 5 to 1 and 3 to 1, second; Jack Berger, 100 (Wilson), 9 to 2, 5 to 1 and 3 to 1, third. Time, 1:18 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Third race (for three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse, \$700; six furlongs)—Ace of Aces, 107 (Babin), 4 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Moroni, 118 (L. Morris), 7 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; Courtis, 107 (Babin), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:18 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Fourth race (for three-year-olds and upward; allowance; purse, \$700; one mile)—Thimble, 102 (Lang), 8 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, won; Neddam, 111 (Butwell), 8 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, second; Courtis, 107 (Babin), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:28 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Fifth race (The Fairfield Handicap; for all ages; purse, \$1,000; five and a half furlongs)—Tippety Witchet, 120 (Morris), 13 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, won; Rapid Day, 104 (Baker), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, second; Jack Berger, 100 (Wilson), 9 to 2, 5 to 1 and 3 to 1, third. Time, 1:09 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Sixth race (for three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse, \$700; one mile and seventy yards)—Courtis, 100 (Lang), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Moroni, 118 (L. Morris), 7 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; Courtis, 107 (Babin), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:28 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Seventh race (for three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse, \$700; one mile and seventy yards)—Courtis, 100 (Lang), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Moroni, 118 (L. Morris), 7 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; Courtis, 107 (Babin), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:28 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

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Thirteenth race (for three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse, \$700; one mile and seventy yards)—Courtis, 100 (Lang), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Moroni, 118 (L. Morris), 7 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, second; Courtis, 107 (Babin), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 1, third. Time, 1:28 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

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## The SPORTLIGHT

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### The Lump in the Pudding

Masters I've known who've taught me much  
(Which I've forgotten all too soon),  
The proper stance, the proper clutch,  
For jigger, brassie, cleek or spoon.  
The method for an up-hill lie,  
Or how pronated wrists hold away  
As plastered pellets rise and fly  
Over the pits and far away.

Long have I sought their sound advice,  
Outlined by lesson or by book;  
On "Systems that Correct a Slice,"  
Or "Seven Ways to Stop a Hook."  
Perfect my swing, without a flaw,  
A brave, true blow for green or cup,  
I follow out each master's law,  
And then—my bally head comes up!

What golden vision haunts my dreams  
Of turning in the Perfect Score.  
Where on my card there never gleams  
A figure higher than a 4!  
No more to be a shattered wreck,  
No pitching failure to the green,  
If I were captain of my neck—  
If I were master of my bean!

"Mile. Suzanne Lenglen," announces a contemporary, "should have profited by the example of Georges Carpentier." Maybe that's what she did.

In the meanwhile, just what has become of Jess Willard's frenzied, unbridled desire to rush back into the ring and knock Dempsey through the skylight?

### The All-Star Parade

#### No. 1—The Strongest Man

Who is the strongest man in sport? Jack Dempsey is no weakling. Neither is Jess Willard. And you may spread the same tidings concerning "Strangler" Lewis.

But Nat Pendleton, Olympic wrestling champion, and a number of others who have had the opportunity to enjoy the application of a personal test, all award the chaplet of onion blossoms to Stanislaus Zbyszko, heavyweight wrestling king.

They rate Zbyszko's strength above that of any man in any field, with more sheer physical power than Sandow ever thought about.

"Zbyszko's strength is almost beyond belief," says Nat Pendleton, who has trained with the champion. "He is the modern Hercules, beyond all questioning—stronger than Lewis, Stecher, Gutch or any one else in a game where raw strength plays no small part. This strength covers every portion of his make-up—arms, legs, back, neck, hands." No wonder at forty-seven that he was able to handle such marvels as Stecher and Lewis. Jim Jeffries was the strongest of all boxing champions, but at his best it is doubtful if Jeff's raw strength was up to that of the massive Pole's, who seems to the Samson or the Hercules of modern sport.

F. J. L.—There is no way, in our opinion, where Harvard, Yale and Princeton can be fairly ranked, as regards one another. Among themselves they finished in a triple tie. Princeton played the harder schedule of the three, Harvard the next and Yale the weakest. Harvard, by tying Penn State and beating Yale, could certainly not be ranked below Yale and Princeton. The three machines met and decided their own ranking—and the answer was a triple tie—especially as none of the three that tried out a hard schedule got away with it.

How many from the East know that California has about as many students to draw from as Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined? Or that several universities from the Middle West have from 6,000 to 8,000 students from which a machine may be drawn and developed?

We have never leaned to any majestic ambition. We would even be content to be as down and out in any profession we might follow as Willie Hoppe is in billiards. If Hoppe is a has-been, you can count the number of successful entrants in this dazed existence upon the thumbs of your right hand. One of the greatest tributes to Hoppe's genius is the vast astonishment that followed his defeat.

It has been shown at last that "Babe" Ruth was never a true golfer at heart. He has tossed aside a golfing winter on the Coast merely because he could pick up \$3,000 a week in vaudeville, far from the topped brassie and the sliced iron.

### Buffalo Boys to Box Here

The entry of a team of ten boxers from Buffalo was received by the local association of the A. A. U. yesterday for the state amateur boxing championships to be held at Madison Square Garden next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The up-state boys had a hard time reaching the semi-final last year, but are said to be much stronger than in 1920.

Fourth race (for all ages; allowance; purse, \$700; six furlongs)—Rob, 100 (Weiner), 3 to 1, 2 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Courtis, 100 (Wilson), 9 to 2, 5 to 1 and 3 to 1, second; Jack Berger, 100 (Wilson), 9 to 2, 5 to 1 and 3 to 1, third. Time, 1:18 2-5. Iron Boy, Johnny Overton, Financial Reporter, Armatist, Frivol, Bell Ready and My First also ran.

Fifth race (for three-year-olds and upward; claiming; six furlongs)—Harold K. K. Yeomanette, 104 (Shilp), 8 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, won; Shipmate, 104 (Golden Flint), 107 (The English), 107 (Quaker), 107 (N. C. McClinton), 112 (Mugivan), 117 (Major Demo), 117 (Don Thrush), 117.

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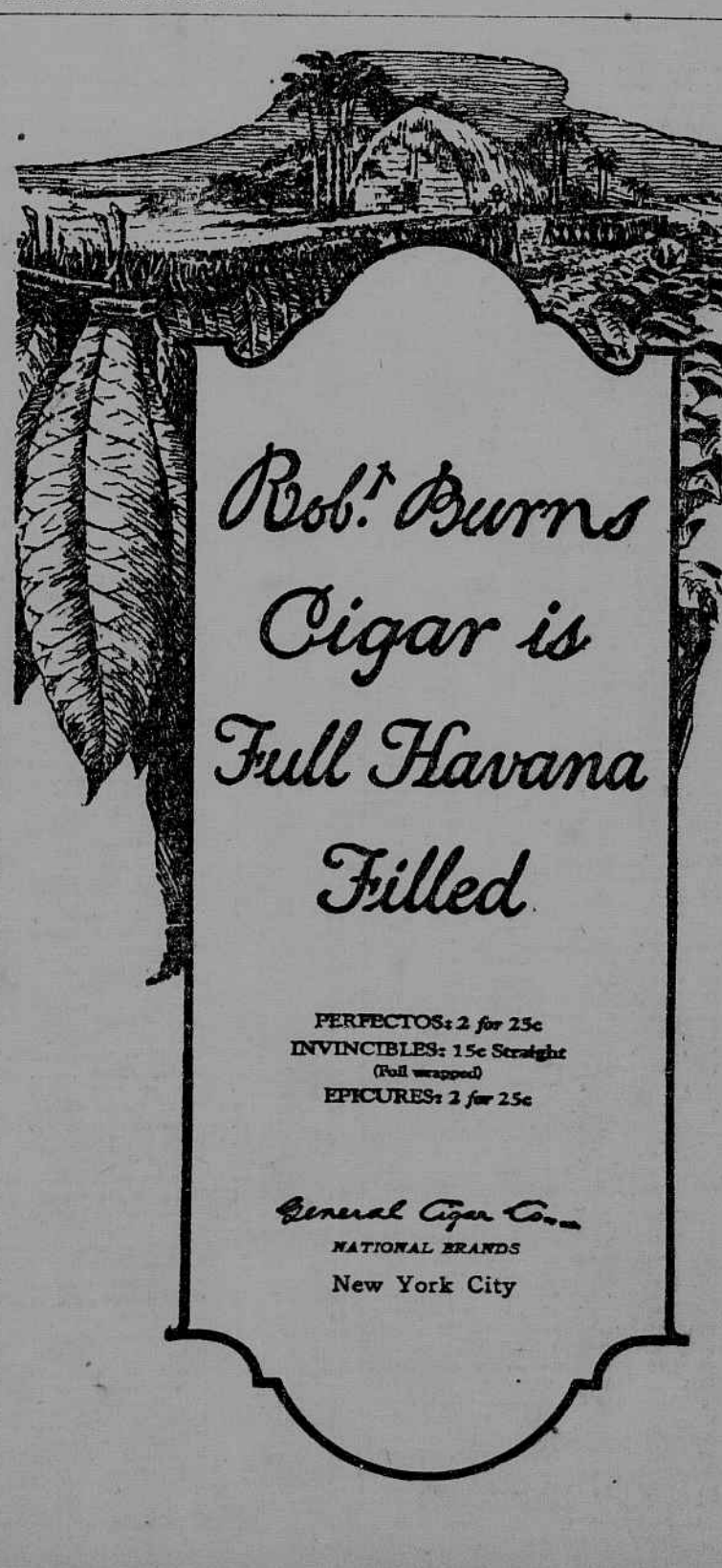
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## Conti Leading Jake Schaefer In Match Game

## Brilliant Play in Afternoon Block Gives Frenchmen Lead; Score, 792 to 617

## Although Roger Conti, the French cue champion, divided the afternoon and evening games in his match with Jake Schaefer, the recently crowned world title holder at 18.2 ballline billiards, the twenty-year-old youth from overseas is leading the Chicago player by a margin of 175 points in the 3,200 points struggle which started yesterday afternoon at Maurice Daly's parlors.

Conti, in his Metropolitan debut, trounced Schaefer 400 to 217 in the afternoon game, but lost the evening contest, 400 to 382. The Frenchman really outplayed his opponent throughout and Schaefer was rather lucky to get an even break. Conti displayed a brand of billiards seldom seen hereabouts and made a fine impression upon the large gallery.

On his second turn at the table in the evening block the youthful veteran of the World War gave Hoppe's conqueror a distinct shock by running the 225 points before he missed on a difficult cushion shot.

This gave Conti an overwhelming lead, and it seemed sure that he would again trounce Schaefer, but the latter was exceedingly fortunate in leaving the ball in an extremely difficult position, when he missed and on no less than three successive trips to the table Conti missed his first shot. Then with the score 332 to 260 against him, Schaefer rallied and clicked off 140 points for the game.

In the afternoon game the French lad gave a remarkable exhibition, which completely overshadowed the work of Schaefer. After outplaying the American at every angle Conti registered a high and unfinished run of 238 and out. During this run he executed numerous difficult shots with the greatest ease and composure and proved conclusively that he is one of the best cue artists in the business.

AFTERNOON MATCH  
Conti.....12 4 1 15 31 54 233—400  
Schaefer.....9 0 10 23 32 20 70—217  
Conti's high run, unfinished 238; average, 37.1-7. Schaefer's high run, 32; average, 31.

EVENING MATCH  
Schaefer.....7 6 1 82 95 24 70 140—400  
Conti.....7 22 5 81 9 47 77—382  
Schaefer's high run, 140 unfinished; average, 50. Conti's high run, 228; average, 56.

Columbia Basket Team Prepares for Army Game  
Columbia's basketball team was given an hour's scrimmage last night in preparation for the game with the Army quintet to-morrow night. Coach Deering, while pleased with the opening game victory over the fast Poly team Saturday, feels that there is room for a great deal of improvement in team play. The foul shooting of Pullen in the second half was particularly pleasing to Deering. The star end of last year's eleven made six out of eight attempts.

The third game of the season, that scheduled with Trinity for next Saturday evening, was called off by the Trinity athletic authorities yesterday. Failure to obtain faculty permission to leave home was given as the cause for cancellation.

## Harvard Club Player Defeats Riley in Squash Tennis Meet

## Hewitt Morgan Surprises by Trouncing Princeton Star in Scratch Tourney

## By Jack Masters

Although the play in the annual national fall scratch squash tennis tournament at the Crescent A. C., Brooklyn, tightened up considerably yesterday afternoon, all but one of the favorites came through, and with the stars of the upper and lower sections of the draw meeting to-day the contest for first honors bids fair to be one of the keenest in the history of the event.

The lone upset came when Armin W. Riley, of Princeton, No. 10 man on the national ranking list, went down in defeat before Hewitt Morgan, of Harvard, who is playing his second season. Morgan has devoted most of his time heretofore to the game of rackets, in which he is highly proficient, and it was thought that he would prove easy for Riley, whose specialty is squash, but after the second game it was apparent that Riley was in for a hard struggle, if not a defeat.

Morgan's game was finely balanced. He resorted to all of the tactics which are favored by the foremost racket wielders, and actually outclassed his opponent in every department of the game. He played accurately, offered a nice change of pace and could slam the ball to a standstill. The score was 8-15, 15-13, 15-10.

Coward Proves Fit  
Thomas Coward, of the Yale Club, who captured the Class B national championship last year, and Earl Riley, of the Crescent A. C., winner of the handicap meet last season and a strong favorite with the gallery, were among the winners. Coward defeated Ralph G. Coburn, Harvard, in what was probably the feature match of the day. The score was 15-10, 15-8, but this does not indicate the fine performance of the slender Yale star.

Coward's racket work shows that he is fit for the test he has before him, and it is no easy schedule, for he must beat Livingston Platt, Yale; Fink, A. J. Cordier, Yale, and Charles M. Bull, Riley, Princeton, 8-16, 15-13, 15-10.

The summaries follow:  
Third round—W. F. Robinson, Harvard, defeated C. F. Fuller, Yale, 17-4, 15-8. Thomas Coward, Yale, defeated Ralph G. Coburn, Harvard, 15-10, 15-8. John Taylor, Princeton, defeated M. M. Stearns, Crescent, 15-7, 15-7. R. B. Fink, Crescent, defeated H. G. Trice, Crescent, 15-4, 15-10. Hewitt Morgan, Harvard, defeated A. W. Riley, Princeton, 8-16, 15-13, 15-10.



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Brooklyn - 1379 BEDFORD AVENUE  
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